

The Weekly Expositor.

J. A. MEXNER, Editor and Proprietor.

YALE, MICH

The race around the world between those two phlegmatic women, Misses Bly and Bland, is interesting chiefly as showing the progress of the world, and the marvelous development of the means of transportation by land and sea. When Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days" made its appearance, it was classed among works of the most absurd flights of fancy. Yet in less than twenty-five years the dream of Jules Verne has become a reality. Nellie Bly has actually demonstrated that the tour around the world can be accomplished in less than seventy-five days. By the usual routes the distance is twenty-two thousand miles, requiring an average speed of fourteen and two-thirds miles an hour. Miss Bly has also proven that the sterner sex has been very unjust to women in the sarcastic allusions so often made to the trunk, boxes, straps, etc., with which she must be equipped for every journey. All the luggage Miss Bly had to look after was a small hand satchel, and she did not consume much time in making her toilet, inasmuch as the only dress she took with her was the one she wore. These two facts expected, really there is nothing of great consequence gained by Miss Bly's exploit. It may be expected, however, to produce a host of imitators, and for the next year or so globe-trotting is likely to be the fashionable "fad." The fact that Miss Bly did not make the best time possible, inasmuch as she experienced one or two delays, will be an incentive to other adventurers to try to beat her time. This is all right, of course, though it is not clear that anything important can result from it.

The illness of the infant king of Spain, who inherited from his father a decrepit body and a tottering throne, is a reminder of the deplorable prospect of the royal houses of Europe. The czar of Russia is a sickly, half-witted child; the crown prince of Italy is a weak, taciturn, morose, narrow-chested, adle-headed young man; the future king of England, is a weak man of the world, who has exhausted every pleasure and every passion, and his eldest son is a blockhead, if indeed, he is not worse. The heir-apparent of Austria-Hungary is a nobody, while the heiress of the Netherlands is a nine-year-old child. The king of Saxony, the grand duke of Baden, and the crown prince of Wurtemberg are childless, as is the king of Romania, and the king of Serbia is but a child. Emperor William of Germany and the sultan of Turkey alone are carefully rearing a progeny. It is high time the people of Europe should bundle out of the way the feeble and decrepit remnants of royalty and govern themselves.

"Bob" Ingersoll is opposed to the generally accepted punitive system, and indicates the policy he would pursue with criminals, by saying that 1000 confirmed criminals were placed upon a desert island and forced to make a living for themselves, there would soon be a clearly defined line between the men who readily adapted themselves to the conditions and went to work, and the indolent ones who refused to exert themselves. In time this would develop into the inevitable distinction between a law-abiding and a criminal element in the community. Has it not occurred to the institute skeptic that the United States has just such an experimental colony in Canada and that the majority of the members "toil not, neither do they spin."

A French physician who has for some years been practicing in Calcutta, announces that he has discovered a sure cure for cholera, and that it is nothing less than the hypodermic injection of the poison of the cobra, one of the most deadly snakes known. Most people will prefer to take their chances with cholera.

Including the railroad horror near Indianapolis a few days ago, there have been eleven railroad accidents in which lives have been sacrificed, in the month of January, and every one of these has been due to carelessness, for there can be no broken rails where a track is properly looked after.

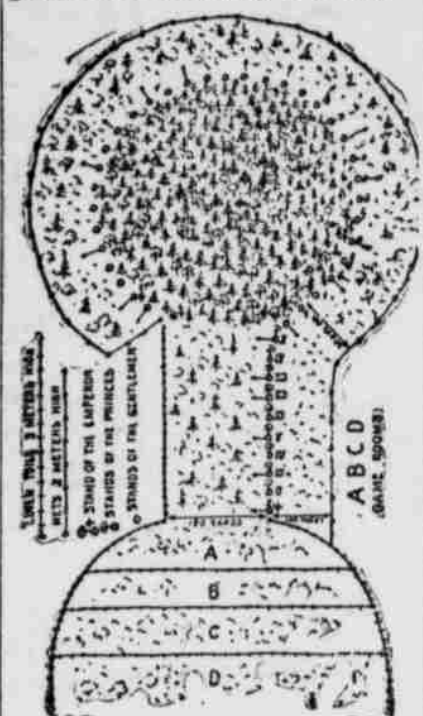
In a letter to a friend in New York, Henry M. Stanley writes: "My hair like the snow from Runemac; but it is the crown of a busy life, and I wear it without regret, as the gift of time." Stanley's white hair will not convince his American friends that he is an old man beyond his prime, for where is the lusty youth who can endure what he has passed through in the last three years? His admirers, and their name is legion, will look upon the snowy hair as "the crown of a busy life," and that time will spare him to see his dark countenance flooded with the light of the gospel of the Nazarene.

A ROYAL DEER HUNT.

Emperor Wilhelm's Autumn Drive in the Letzingen Forest.

How It Is Conducted by the Kaiser and His Guests—The Game Shot from Stands Hidden by Foliage—Wilhelm's Skill with the Rifle.

In November and December the emperor of Germany attends weekly one or more hunting excursions. In the large forests belonging to the state the game in them is by right the property of the crown and the emperor's foresters look after it. Therefore, the invitations for shooting parties are sent out in the name of the emperor to other German courts, to royal princes and to members of aristocratic society who are sportsmen, as well as to invited officers. The number of these invited guests varies from forty to seventy.



DRIVE AT LETZINGEN.

The preparations for a royal hunt are extensive and costly, all the expense being borne by the emperor. The average cost of two days' shooting is fifteen thousand dollars. Numbers of foresters come from afar to assist in the work, bringing loads of nets, rags and tools necessary to surround the drives and fender for the game. The imperial household comes with its retinue of servants, kitchen officers, carriages and horses, and all the paraphernalia needed to transform the solitary battle into a pleasant abode for several days.

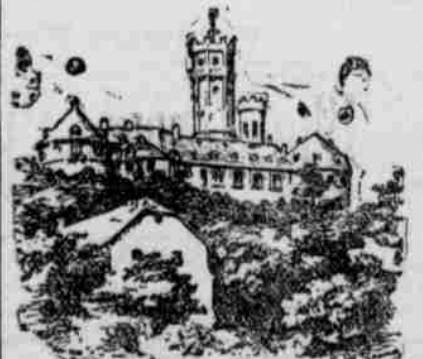
Letzingen is a village situated in one of the large forests in the "Province of Saxony." The forest contains about fifteen thousand hectares of fir trees, beeches and old oaks. In this large expanse game abounds, and is carefully kept and preserved in winter, when the snow lies deep on the ground.

The castle of Letzingen dates from the sixteenth century, and is surrounded by a moat. It was rebuilt and renovated some twenty years ago by Emperor Wilhelm I., and can accommodate forty or fifty guests for the night. Over one hundred can sit down to dinner in the great hall. A bridge leads over the moat into the yard before the castle, and the entrance opens on the large dining-hall, which is beautifully decorated with stags and wild bear's heads.

The emperor arrives in the evening with his guests by a special train from Berlin. Supper is served early. Before the company retires "Kaiser punch" is served, according to the old custom.

Early on the following morning the trained band of foresters sound the reveille on their bugles to awake the guests. Punctually at eight o'clock breakfast is served in the hall. Then the carriages come to the door and the gentlemen enter, each accompanied by his private gamekeeper, who carries the reserve guns, and loads them during the drives. Each sportsman gets a number designating his carriage and his place in the drive.

Soon the company reaches the rendezvous, where they are greeted by the "fanfare furestengrass" sounded on the bugles. The game in the forest is driven a week or so before the shooting day into so-called "game-rooms." These are inclosures surrounded by nets and linen toils. In these the animals remain quietly and get plenty of fodder.



CASTLE AT LETZINGEN.

The large thicket in front is surrounded for the time with high nets. The stands of the emperor and the principal guests are to the west of the driveway, and are built twelve feet over the ground. The occupants of these only shoot towards the linen toils. The gentlemen shoot only towards the outer nets, never into the drive. They stand at a distance of one hundred paces one from the other, and before them towards the nets is a clear forest, also two hundred paces, with an undergrowth of bushes, which affords a good clearance for shooting.

The stands of the emperor and the royal princes are built at least twelve feet in height and have each room for three persons, for with the quantities of game it is necessary that two men load the rifles, while their owner only shoots. These kansels are thickly shrouded with green bushes to screen them from view. As soon as all the gentlemen are placed the bugles signal the beginning of the drive, and at

this instant the hunting-toils of the first game-room fall, and its inmates rush through the so-called "long run" where the emperor stands into the thicket behind. There the gamekeepers with the dogs await them and drive them towards the nets and past the guests who lie hidden in waiting. To each "game-room" are from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty stags and deer.

Ten minutes later the second game-room is opened, and so on till all the game has been freed. The drive usually occupies two or three hours and it ends at a bugle signal.

After the first drive the company assembles in a large tent, where luncheon is waiting. At an open bonfire in front of it the hot dishes are cooked. Potatoes roasted in the ashes are a favorite delicacy; so, also, is Irish stew and hot sausages with beans and sauerkraut. All kinds of wine are abundantly provided, but hot drinks are preferred, especially "negus."

During luncheon the game that has been killed is collected and loaded on carts.

The animals that have fallen to the emperor's gun are laid out for inspection and viewed by the company. The young kaiser is a very firm shot, although obliged to hold his gun only with the right hand. The weakness of his left arm has forced him to train himself to hold the gun or rifle like a pistol, and his aim is very steady and sure. The strength in his right arm has wonderfully augmented by continual training, and he can bear the greatest fatigue without feeling it.

Soon the carriages again come up to take the company to the meeting for the second drive, which is organized exactly in the same manner as the first. After three turns to the castle dinner is ordered for five o'clock, and the gentlemen appear in evening dress with black neckties.

After dinner the company descends into the courtyard, which is illuminated with Bengal lights. Here the whole "strecke"—the result of the chase—is laid for view in rows and divided according to the names of the sportsmen to whose guns it fell. The animals shot by the Emperor are placed in the first row and after them follow those of the royal and other guests. The bugles of the foresters sound "Halla!" and this picturesque romantic sight ends the day. The game killed on the first day regularly averages from six hundred head of red and fallow deer.

The evening is spent by the company in the sitting and billiard-rooms, where whist-tables are also set. The emperor joins in these games with spirit. I remember vividly one such evening some years ago, when the late Emperor Wilhelm I. merrily joined in a game of whist. He won three marks, and put them in his pocket, well pleased, saying:

"I am glad to have won a whole thaler, it lessens the cost of this shooting party."



EMPEROR WILLIAM II. AND THE STAG.

The second day is devoted principally to the shooting of wild boars, which are also driven up in the same style as the deer. It frequently happens that the boars get enraged during the drives and attack dogs and even foresters; therefore great attention and prudence is observed. The result of the second day is, on an average, four hundred to five hundred head of boar and one hundred or so of fallow deer. These numbers show how large the stock of game is in the royal German forest. The care that is taken of them is of course great, and after these days of official slaughter perfect rest and solitude again reigns in their green and leafy retreats.

Since the Baby Died,
The home has been so strangely still
Since the baby died,
The birds no longer seem to trill
Since the baby died,
The sunshine's gone and shades of gloom
Lurk in the corners of the room;
The roses have a fainter bloom
Since the baby died,
The stars seem brighter than before
Since the baby died,
We're nearer to the other shore
Since the baby died,
"Not in his anger but in love,
Not as an eagle but a dove:
There's less sorrow and more above
Since the baby died.

Memory Doctor Wanted.
Caller: "Are you the memory doctor?" Professor: "I am a professor of the science of—" "Yes, I know; you fix up memories." "In common parlance, yes." "That's what I heard. Well, I want my memory doctored." "That is very easily done. All you have to do is to adopt my system and in a little while you will get so that you can remember anything at all." "My stars! That isn't what I want. I want my memory fixed so I can't remember anything. I have been called as a witness in a boodle trial."

A Last Hope.

Two poverty stricken men were sleeping in their attic room, when, awakened by a noise, they saw a stranger getting in at the window in the roof. One whispered to the other: "Think of a burglar coming to us!" "Hush!" whispered the other. "Let him climb in, then I will give a yell and it may make him drop something he has stolen elsewhere."—San Francisco Wasp.

A TEXAN ABROAD.

A Literary Genius Does Up Three Countries in One Short Lasso.

In Imitation of the "Dodge Club" He Dodges the Waiters and the Beggars, but Pays His Way—Impressions of a Flying Trip.

Special Foreign Correspondence.

Abroad alone. Two ominous words those. Either is sufficient to frighten a poor timorous soul back into its shell. But to this snail the trip was a necessity. Some people you know, can only learn by a sort of absorption. Now I might have read for a dozen years closely, of the history, manners and customs of the peoples of Scotland, England France Switzerland and Italy, and I should not have gained the practical and accurate information about them that this short tramp has given me. Then you know some folks need broadening. Well, such a trip as this is a wonderful broadener. He who resists the influences of travel in foreign land and is still narrow, uncharitable, selfish and proud has about exhausted the means of reclamation. The following conversation occurred in a railroad hotel at Genoa, between a Texas traveler and a German gentleman.

The Texan rushes in with his luggage, sits down to a table and calls for his supper. The German was at the same table.

"Do you speak German?" in that language.

"No sir. Do you speak English."

"Yes; but you looked like a German."

"You are quite complimentary. I am an American."

"Travel you alone?"

"Entirely alone."

"Do you speak French?"

"So very little that I rarely attempt it."

"How do you make yourself understood then?"

"Well, I get along somehow."

"Do not let the confusions of the railway stations disconcert you?"

"Not in the least. I bought all my tickets in London. These I present at an office window, saying not a word. They are stamped and I follow the crowd. The master at the gate punches my ticket, points to my train, and I go and get in. I have time tables of all the roads I expect to pass over, and only go to the depot in time for every train. I eschew the assistance so often urged upon me by the army of boys, waiters and porters. I carry my own baggage, black my own shoes, help myself, wait on myself, and give no gratuities."

"Do you mean to say that you can travel without giving tips to waiters, chambermaids and porters?"

"Yes sir, that is precisely what I mean. I pay for everything I get, for every service rendered, but not one cent over for nothing. I pass the open palms as if they were not there. I am quick to recognize an obligation and to discharge it, but if I had the whole world against me I intend to fight against this paying something for nothing. What's the use of having a ten year old boy to carry a man's valise, when the man is the stronger, and would be better off for the exercise, unless indeed he does it out of charity for the boy, which is placing the matter on wholly a different footing. If a man wants to give employment to the boy let him do it and pay for it. But I do not feel myself able to go through the world giving employment to the people I meet. I consider it more in accord with my feeling of independence to wait on myself. I despise this waiting and serving business anyhow."

"Well! You surprise me. It is refreshing to find such independence. It could only be found in an American."

The Texas traveler having finished his supper and paid for it without giving the grinning expectant waiter one centime, he lifted his hat to his German companion and passed out. A hundred proffers for assistance to carry his valise, his umbrella, his overcoat, to show him the way and to interpret for him were all passed unheeded to the great disgust of the troop of idle beggars who loitered around the station when they should have been in some factory or on some farm.

SCOTLAND

Is superb. What lovely lakes, what lofty mountains, what limpid rivers, what peculiar people! Scott has immortalized Scotland, and Scotland has immortalized Scott. The great poet and novelist saw the natural beauties of the country and took inspiration therefrom. He saw the peculiar simplicity of Highland character, heard their legendary lore and resolved to combine the whole, the stories, the scenery, the people, and weave them into verse.

Most happily he has succeeded. His first novel "Waverley" was laid in the Highlands of Scotland. It was my good fortune to view the same grand scenery described in that charming tale. Then "The Abbot" "The Monastery" "The Heart of Midlothian" and other of his Waverley Series, all had their rise in actual occurrences, or in legends generally believed to be true, and the typography of the country is beautifully and accurately described. His poems partake even more of description of real scenery, and relation in rhyme of real facts. "His Lay of the Last Minstrel" with its heart quivering around that most entrancingly beautiful of all ruins, Melrose Abbey. "The Lady of the Lake" with its warp, a true tale, and its woof a lovely description of the wildest and most romantically beautiful place mine eyes ever beheld the Vrossachs and Loch Katrine. All these stories and verses, told in that fascinating style that Sir Walter knew so well how to use, renders these natural beauties of such world-wide fame that thousands of travelers flock every year to behold them.

ENGLAND IS ENERGETIC.

Girted in by the triumphant sea, with no room on her island for expansion, she seems determined to use what space she has to the best possible advantage. Her soil is valuable, every

inch. It seems to be underlaid with coal all through. Her rocks are full of iron, her soil full of fertility and her people full of vim. So the whole country is dotted over with cities, towns factories and farms.

London is a world within itself. Nearly five millions of people in this one city alone. Still it grows in every direction—up, down and all around. The houses are built higher, because space of earth is such an item. No room above ground for travel. Every street, alley and sidewalk is jammed with people every hour of every day. So they burrowed under the city and constructed their wonderful metropolitan underground railway.

I have seen three railways one directly under the other, and still another under those two, under the city with its massive buildings, and under the river Thames with its waters alive with shipping. A stranger stood in sheer amazement, wondering where all these people had come from, and where they were going and when would they all get by. A policeman, gigantic of stature and stern of demeanor, stands at each street crossing to prevent a blockade and keep the mass moving. If two ladies were to stop on the street to talk about the latest styles, in ten minutes the wheels of commerce, involving millions of pounds, would be stopped. Woo be to the dilatory dog that stops to smell noses with a doggie friend. Both would be run over in two minutes.

FRANCE IS FAMOUS.

Poesy, painting, rebellion, revolution, fashion, folly, politeness and politics, all have their cradle and their grave in France.

Paris! There is but one Paris, she sits on the banks of the Seine, with her princely palaces, her broad boulevards, her stately statues, choice churches and priceless paintings, a very queen of regal grandeur. Her houses are gems of architectural skill and beauty.

Her streets are smooth and clean, and white and wide, fringed with flowers, shaded with trees trained to uniformity, and ornamented at almost every crossing with some beautiful statue fountain. The people are so very polite it is difficult to conceive that they ever quarrel or fight. I think if a Frenchman wanted to knock a man down, he would first doff his hat, make him a polite bow, beg his pardon, and then hit him, lift his hat and bow again and leave. Even the waiters at the hotels were so very polite that a Texas traveler felt ill at ease because of his inferiority to those servants. The boot black was as polite as the parlor maid, who in turn was more polite than her mistress.

Accost a man on the streets and ask him the way to anywhere, and though he might not understand one word said, he would listen with attentive ear and bent head until your speech was ended, then he would bow, spread out his hands apologetically as if distressingly regretful that he could not serve you, ask you if you could talk French, offer to go with you to hunt an interpreter, or go with you several squares and put you in the hands of a *Gens d'armes* who would be instructed to attend to your wants, lift his hat gracefully and bid you adieu. In very truth it was beautiful to witness such studied politeness, but a little burdensome to be the object of it.

A. J. HOLTS.

He Thinks There's Millions in It.

It isn't often that a newspaper reporter is approached by one of those who have a dead sure thing on a fortune and given an opportunity to literally "waller in wealth," but such an opening came to a member of The Free Press city staff a few days ago. "It was a young man from Corunna who had the scheme and, regarding the man as his oyster, he was intent upon opening it without unnecessary delay.

"Do you want to make more money in one day than you are now making in a month?" he asked the reporter.

The reporter said, strictly in confidence and not for publication, that he did.

"Well, you can do it. Now, here in my scheme, and I'll let you in, because you're just the sort of a man I want in this thing. Here is a stick of Dr. Windgall's medicated candy—six sticks to the pound—warranted to cure coughs, colds, influenza, bronchitis, laryngitis, tonsillitis and all troubles of the throat, boxen, and things of that sort. That's your racket, and you'll have to study up so you can jingle it off and never slip a cog. But this candy is all right as candy, the medication being extra. It costs us thirteen cents a pound and we sell it for thirty, or five cents a stick, with the chances of drawing gold or silver money, every seventh or eighth package containing a \$5 gold piece or ten silver dimes. Now our plan is to hire a vacant store in some town wherever we go, engage a brass band and get a crowd. You've no idea how they crowd around a brass band in a country town."

"But how can we afford to give away a \$5 gold piece every seven or eight sales and pay rent and pay the band?" asked the reporter.

"I'm coming to that. When the band has finished its first piece you get up behind the counter and begin to warble your little warb, and sell the stuff."

"Oh, yes; I sell the stuff. And you—what do you do?"

"Why, I'm the young farmer that finds a gold piece in every package he buys, see?"

Why Two Ears Are Necessary.

Sound travels by waves radiating from a central point of disturbance, just as waves radiate when a stone is dropped into still water. So far as the hearing of each individual is concerned these waves move in a direct line from the cause of the sound to his ear, the impact being greatest in the ear that is nearest the source. This being the case a person who has totally lost the sense of hearing in one ear, although he may imagine that the defect is of but little consequence, can not locate the direction of a sound to save his life, even when the center of disturbance is quite close to him. Blind persons learn to estimate distances in a surprisingly brief period after losing their sight, but experts on deafness of the ear say that persons wholly deaf in one ear can never learn to estimate the direction of a sound.

A LEPER'S LETTER.

A Missive From a Resident on the Island of Molokai.

A thick, comfortable letter that looked as if it might be the bearer of good news and much loving gossip, passed from hand to hand in the Detroit postoffice, says the Free Press, and at last found refuge in the mail bag of a postman whose route is on Jefferson avenue and was duly delivered to the address recorded on the envelope. It would have startled the postoffice officials and the postman who delivered it could they have known that it was a leper's letter and that it came from a leper island. It is indeed doubtful if any one of those who handled it had noticed the postmark "Molokai," or if they did would have known any reason why they should throw it aside and cry "Unclean! Unclean!" Nor could they judge by the pleasing bulk of the missive that it was the last farewell of a wretched leper to his former friends and relatives in Michigan. It has been permitted The Free Press to make a few extracts:

The writer states that: "The location of this place is about fifty miles from Honolulu, on the Island of Molokai, with weekly communication by steamer. It is a point of land of about six thousand acres, thrown out of the sea abreast of a range of mountains. Its height is 2,000 feet. It is the bed of an extinct crater and is a fine grazing land for cattle and horses and is as beautiful and romantic as anything that can be found in the new world; tropical vegetation is perpetual. The cattle feeding on the mountains are wild, and in driving down a herd ten or a dozen of them will fall, and when found nothing will be left but the hides and horns. This is one of the liveliest places I ever have seen. Lepers are full of hilarity. Girls, boys, children—some very bad—all playing together as if there was nothing wrong. They play the guitar and flute constantly. When I first came here and had to go through a row of lepers with their hideous faces and hands I wanted to die, but now I am used to them I don't mind them so much."

"When I first came up here I wanted to commit suicide, but I am calmed down now. I have built a neat little cottage some distance away from everybody, all inclosed with a stone wall. I have a horse and sulky, plenty of newspapers and magazines. My great trouble now is my eyesight. When I can't read any more, then I want to die. I would sooner be here with this disease than in any other part of the world, where I would be shunned by everybody."

"My right hand is giving out. I have two fingers that do not have much feeling in them. My left foot is also affected. I am breaking in a horse. He stepped on my foot. I let him stand there some time and had no pain. You see, it is a curious disease that appears to destroy without pain. There is no cure for it. It is sure to kill and is only a question of time."

In a postscript sheet he says: "I have now a good nurse who will see me properly buried, which I hope will be soon."

The letter abounds in horrible details of life among the lepers, and is grotesque at times in its hideousness, but these scenes and descriptions are better left to the imagination. Since its receipt the news of the unfortunate man's death by suicide at the leper hospital in Honolulu, has been received. His friends live at Plymouth, in this state, and the leper's letter is going the rounds among them as valuable and dreary testimony to a fantastic and dreaded disease which the ancient Israelites bequeathed to posterity—the plague of leprosy.

An Easy Way to Find the Distance.

Several veteran railroad men were seated in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car the other day. The train was due in Detroit about two hours later. A discussion arose as to the rate of speed that they were traveling at. One of the party guessed that the train was going over 45 miles an hour. Another estimated the speed at 45 miles, another at 50 and so on. Finally one of the men took out his watch, held it in his hand less than half a minute looking at it steadily all the while.

"We are going 46 miles an hour," he said, looking up from his watch.

One of the other men thereupon took out his watch, held it in the palm of his hand, and kept his eyes riveted upon the dial, never once looking out of the window. After the lapse of half a minute he looked up and said that they were traveling at the rate of forty-seven miles an hour.

"How can you tell the rate of speed by simply looking at your watch?" inquired an interested witness of these proceedings.

"Why, easy enough," replied the railroad man. "You know every time the car passes over a rail joint there is a distinct click. Just count the number of these clicks in twenty seconds and you have the number of miles the train is going per hour. This is a simple matter of arithmetic, as the length of the rail is uniform."

An Open Confession Good For the Soul.

Little Johnny is having a good streak just now, and has on learning a new prayer. The other night he attempted to completely replace his old "Now I lay me" with his new "Our Father who art in Heaven." He had begun all right and had progressed as far as "on earth as it is in Heaven" when the slight nervousness of the occasion drove the rest of the prayer out of his mind. So he groped vainly: "—in Heaven—in Heaven. 'Well, Lord,' said Johnny nonchalantly, 'I am stuck!'"—Boston Transcript.

You Are O. K.

Out of ten leading women who have written on "The Ideal Man" for a New York paper no two agree as to his points, and the matter is left just where it was before. What pleases one woman will displease another, whether applied to men, landscapes or cats and those who have had the strongest ideals generally wed so me old bow-backed antiquarian who sees more beauty in a squash than in any sunset.